



Published by the World Publishing Company, 33 1/2 N. PARK ROW, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1900.

VOL. 41 NO. 14,280

DON'T FORGET THE BABIES.

The Evening World's Sick Babies' Fund has shared in the general prosperity of 1900.

But while the Fund has increased, so have the calls upon it, owing to the frequent "hot spells" of this Summer.

The new and good work among the tenement tots of Brooklyn is commended by the physicians across the Bridge.

It is an excellent thing to be a generous friend of the babies and of their Fund.

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

PARK WALL SHOULD GO.

By WILLIS HOLLY, Secretary of the Park Board.

There is no doubt in my mind that the wall around Central Park is not only unnecessary, but a positive detriment to the park itself. Of course, there are several places where this is not true. There are differences in the levels inside and outside of the park at points which render either retaining walls or walls for the protection of passers-by necessary.

All the rest of this expensive wall simply represents money thrown away.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that it might not have been necessary when built. There have been great changes in the character of the surrounding neighborhoods. But I do mean to say that the money represented in this structure could to-day be used to infinitely greater advantage in several other directions.

The question of the removal of the wall is, however, in much the same position. It is difficult to decide whether the money that would be required for the work of its removal could not better be expended in some other directions.

From a landscape standpoint the wall is too formal, too rigid and too severe a feature. The tree plantations of the side walks and the grass and plantations of the park itself should be allowed to merge together in a complete parklike effect. This would add to the appearance of extent of the park proper and be in the main a great advantage.

Willis Holly

Laura Jean Libbey



THE DECEITFUL DAUGHTER.

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Z. asks:

"Should a girl, in your opinion, deceive her mother by telling her an untruth for the purpose of meeting her lover? Do you think such a girl would make me a good wife, loving and true in the future, or would she be likely to deceive me also?"

If I were a young man looking for a wife I would search for a young girl who loved, honored and revered her mother next to her God. There is no excuse on the face of the earth which will palliate the sin of a girl deceiving her mother.

The true-hearted girl has no secrets from her good mother. If that mother does not approve of the man of her choice she sets to work patiently to win her over to seeing him as she sees him, and learning to like him at last.

The treacherous daughter will nine times out of ten make a treacherous wife. You can depend upon it.

The girl who is sweet, good, affectionate and truthful to her mother will be so to the husband who is fortunate enough to win her.

Love which is built upon deceit is built upon the quicksand. Only honest, honorable, truthful love is enduring.

What man can trust absolutely the woman whom he knows is false to the mother who loves her, has faith in her and believes in her?

The habit of deceit is a fatal one and leads to many a woman's undoing. One of the poets has said, and with much truth:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!"

It must not be forgotten, however, that in this case the lover who seeks advice tempts the girl to sin. A man should be too noble in principle to lead himself to so degrading an action as deceiving the mother of any young woman.

Most assuredly he would hear of it after marriage. He would be reproached when he was equally guilty.

It is a cowardly action to shift all the blame, when he is equally at fault, upon the woman.

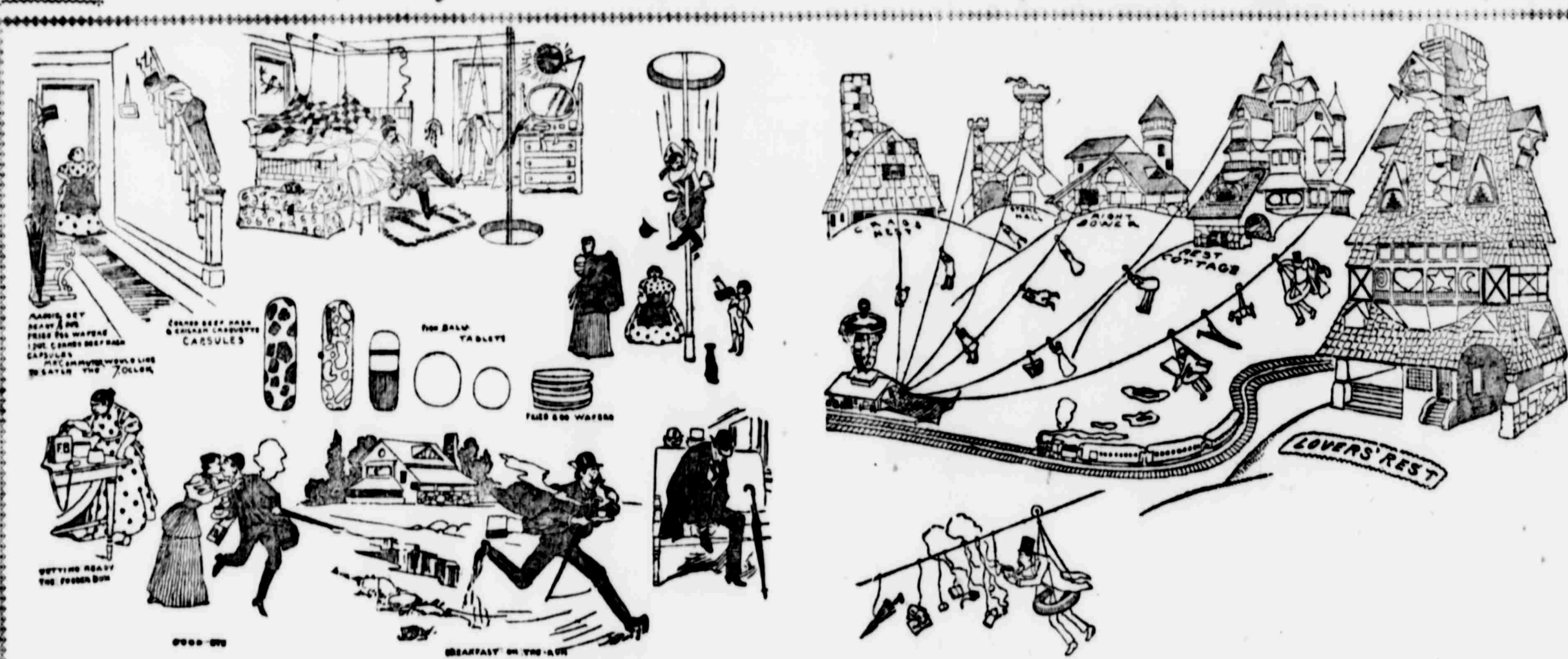
The girl naturally looks to her lover for approval in all her actions. It is his duty to advise her to be always honest and true.

It is unfortunately true in many cases—the sweetest is what her lover makes her.

He should teach her no grander lesson than to respect and always be candid with her mother.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

MR. LONELY OF LOVEYDOVEYVILLE-ON-THE-SOUND; OR, THE JOYS AND WOES OF A COMMUTER.—By T. E. POWERS.



The feat of catching the early train from Loveydoveyville continues to bring occasional embarrassments. Mr. Lonely experiments with capsule breakfast food. Also with the Fire Department system of alarms, sliding poles and suspended harness. Look out for the commuter when the bell rings! And look out for him especially on the occasions when he takes capsules and hot coffee as he flies.

It may be from the moonlight, or perhaps a whisper from the sad Sound waves. But, however it comes about, the idea here exhibited enters the mind of Lonely. Since every commuter at Loveydoveyville owns his own home, why not his own trolley wire to the station? Aside from its other advantages, this trolley scheme will form a superb cash-carrying system for the highly decorative railway.

BARGAINS FROM THE LAUGHTER SHOPS. ♦ JAY GOULD TO AN EDITOR. ♦

ONE MAN'S MEAT ANOTHER'S POISON.

THE USUAL WAY.
"I see they hanged a colored man in the adjoining county yesterday," said the Northern visitor.
"Yes, suh!" It was an outrage, suh! cried the Southern colonel.
"Why, the man was undoubtedly guilty, and he was legally hanged by the Sheriff."
"Exactly. He should have been lynched, suh!"

MATHINOMIAL.

Scadda—What's become of your pretty typewriter?
Trayder—She and the bookkeeper both left me very suddenly.
Scadda—For good?
Trayder—No. "For better, for worse," I believe.

IMPRESSED.

Deacon Hardthink was not in favor of the new trolley line running through his town, but after they got to running in good shape he was quite struck with them.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"You have insulted me, suh!" exclaimed Col. Kaintuck. "Perhaps you can recall the remark you made about me last evening?"
"I merely remarked that you put away a great deal of liquor."
"Yas, suh! Exactly. Now, suh, I want you to understand that I was nevah known to put away any liquor that was set befo' me. I can drink my share with any gentleman, suh!"

TOO SCHOLARLY.

"What can you do?" asked the managers of the professional baseball club.
"I can impart a most pronounced trajectory motion to a leather sphere," replied the athlete just out of college.
"That won't do," they rejoined. "We want a man who can pitch a curve ball. And they turned him down."

ON HIS VACATION.

Pretty Miss Carrie has lost her Harry.
And doesn't know where to find him.
Let Harry roam;
He'll soon come home,
Leaving his fish behind him.

"RUSHING THE KHAN."

CHANGE THE PICTURES.

WHEN a room is turned out and the pictures are being cleaned, change their position before hanging them again. Often a picture is by this means noticed and admired afresh by the inmates of a house. It would otherwise probably receive attention from the very fact that it is always in the same place. Adopt this means of change in other articles, both ornaments and furniture. Remember always "Variety is charming."

DO YOU LIKE THIS SLEEVE?

FIRST AID TO WOUNDED HEARTS.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

Love Lost by a Trick.
I became acquainted with a young man one year my junior a short while ago. I soon grew to love him. I played a trick upon him which I regret, and apologized to him both in letter and in person. He sent me back a beautiful letter, and I will cherish it the longest day I live. The day he answered my letter a crowd of us girls in the forenoon had planned another trick, and I was included in that, too. Well, I considered it over and over again, and as it meant a Christmas present to me, I gave in and went through it with the others. I wrote him a letter. It stated all that had happened, but never said that it was I who was in the trick. Now I want to tell him the truth and regain his friendship, as I dearly love him with all my heart and am sorry for all that happened.

You have only yourself to blame in the matter. It is a great mistake and ill-bred to trifle with the feelings of others. It is a sin to do so where we profess to esteem or love another. As a matter of fact, the young man would be entirely justified in declining to continue your acquaintance.

The only thing you can do will be to prove by your future conduct how sincerely you regret the past. He may make advances and give you back his confidence.

WALES'S LATEST FAD.

THE Prince of Wales has lately amused himself by collecting pens of famous writers of the Victorian era. He has one that belonged to Tennyson, one of Browning's, of Swinburne's, of Hardy's, and fifty or sixty more, including a curious inkstand once the property of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The People Afloat.

There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

POINTS ABOUT ETIQUETTE.

Duties of Nearest Relatives at a Wedding.
Having been asked to give a cousin away in marriage would like to know what are the duties attending same and the proper dress to be worn on that occasion.

J. H. M.

If you are to give your cousin away you take the part for the occasion of her nearest male relative; your duties will be those of a father or brother. The bridal procession is usually formed in this way. First the ushers (in pairs), then the bridesmaids (in pairs), the maid of honor or matron of honor (alone), the bride leaning upon her father's arm—in this case the bride upon your arm. The bridegroom and best man meet the bride at the altar, entering the church by the vestry for this purpose. If there are to be no bridesmaids then the bride enters upon her relative's arm and is joined at the altar by the bridegroom and best man. When the minister asks, "Who is to give the bride to the bridegroom?" if you perform the office of nearest relative you make the customary response, placing the bride's hand in that of the bridegroom, and with a bow take your place in the body of the church in the seat reserved for you, with the bride's family. If the wedding is to be in the evening after 6 o'clock, you should wear full evening dress. If at high noon or in the afternoon, Prince Albert coat, white waistcoat, light trousers, pale lavender or pearl colored kid gloves, white silk four-in-hand or Ascot tie.

Bride's Parents Should Pay for Carriage.
Who is the proper person to pay for the bride's carriage, she going to the hall where the wedding takes place with her mother and father?

VIOLET GALE.

The bride's parents should pay all the bride's expenses up to the moment of the marriage ceremony.

A GREAT WHEAT STATE.

Minnesota produces approximately about 80,000,000 bushels of wheat, or about one-third of the total production of the world. Of this she is able to export two-thirds.

My dear Mr. Gould—
September 1, 1893
S. P. O'Brien Esq.
Dear Sir—
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
J. H. M.

The Day's Love Story The Mission of Miranda

STELL used to wonder if all women who had a mission were as intolerant as her Aunt Miranda.

"I fear you never will find a worthy mission in life, Estella."

"What is yours, Aunt Miranda?"

"To do good to all with whom I come in contact. Now, I mean to offer my assistance to that gentleman who has moved in across the street. His two motherless children shall have the advantage of my instruction of my advice."

Still grieved, "You mean the Stanleys. The people who have bought that place of Vanbarthyn's? Why—the boy is fourteen, the girl sixteen. They have governess, tutor and housekeeper."

Roderick Stanley, ex-Senator and former cattle king, still good to look upon and comparatively young, gazed in astonishment upon the picture which presented itself to him on the following evening. In his library a matronly-looking woman with a pale, bronzed skin was reading aloud to his children. And the youngsters were looking decidedly uncomfortable under the infliction.

"Papa!" cried the boy, dashing to meet his father. "This is Miss Baxter!" The girl made explanation with a fine courtesy, delightful in one so young: "Miss Baxter lives directly opposite. She has heard mamma is dead. She is kind enough to wish to help us."

Four months passed. The Stanleys were going to the country for the Summer, and Miranda would have accompanied them were it not for a treacherously early attack of her annual complaint—hay fever. Still went with Iva Stanley. The girls had a delightful time together.

The night of their return to the city the young folks had a fine frolic. The curdians in the library were down. The night was under the tiled mantle were

blazing bravely. The place was a little world of flickering gleams and warm wavering shadows when Roderick Stanley opened the door. He stood amazed—looking at his son, Iva and a few of their companions circling around the figure in the middle of the room—a cautious, groping figure with outstretched arms. That sound-near the door! The blindfolded victim stood transfixed. Suddenly she dashed in the direction whence the noise had proceeded.

"I've got you!" She had flung her arms around the man standing smiling there. "It's Paul—you're it, Paul!" And she strove to tear the handkerchief from her eyes.

There was a commotion—a hoarse shout. Stanley laid a restraining hand upon the bandage. He stooped until his lips touched the fragrant bronze-gold hair.

"Having me, will you keep me, Stell?" he whispered eagerly.

"Oh!" she answered. "Oh! It is—you!"

"You're fooled, Stell!" shouted Paul Stanley. "It's only papa. You're 'it' yet."

But Estella, her lovely face lifted, was looking up into the pleading eyes of her lover.

"I haven't any mission. I'm not like Aunt Miranda." The quizzical violet eyes laughed up at him.

"Thank God for that! But, bless Aunt Miranda! But for her I might never have you!"

A CHAMPION NAIL DRIVER.

Pottstown, Pa., claims to have the champion female nail-driver in Mrs. Forrest C. E. Melhouse, who demonstrated at the picnic of Trinity Reformed Sunday-school that a woman could drive a nail surely, gracefully and quickly.

Out of twelve fair contestants she carried off first honors by driving six eight-penny nails into a two-inch plank in fifteen seconds.

In her haste she dropped one of the nails, but, despite this handicap, she finished first. Mrs. Mary Fox, who was second, and the nails home in twenty-five seconds.

